



ORACLE







# The Oracle

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CAROL BOURNE, '51





LORRAINE BATES, '51





LORRAINE BATES, '51

Thousands of lives were changed by a

## *Light in the Sky*

Christmas Eve, 1970. But where were the bustle, the noise and glitter of other Christmas Eves? Where were the hurrying shoppers, the cheerful Santas, the youthful carolers? Where were the bright lights, the bells, the carols, the happy, excited greetings and farewells?

All was silence, a deep, black waiting silence, penetrated only by the slight glow of the star.

The star, or so it was called for lack of a better name, had first been seen a month ago, just such a night as this, clear, black, and crisp. Then, though, the town had been alive, bustling with the happy excitement of the approaching Christmas season.

Suddenly, almost blinding the startled shoppers with its piercing rays, the thing was in the sky overhead, shining very much as a great light had shone centuries ago, over a sheep-dotted hillside. It faded almost immediately, but remained in the sky, faintly visible over the hills.

The shoppers, recovered from their first fright, hurried home to tell their families,

to call their newspapers and demand to know what was going on.

All night the thing burned in the otherwise starless sky while busy editors and scientists answered phone calls. The rays of the morning sun brought a temporary end to the phenomenon but not to the growing apprehension of the people.

Newspapers gave various explanations. Several astronomers feared a planet from another universe was heading for the earth at a rate of several thousand miles a minute and had been arrested, temporarily, they feared, only a few million miles away. Others disagreed, maintaining that the thing was some terrible man-made weapon that at a certain designated time, controlled by a government miles away, would come hurtling down, destroying the entire United States.

Each night the star appeared, and as week followed week, the lives of the people underwent a peculiar change.

Feuds and enmities were forgotten; people who had never before associated



with each other exchanged their common hopes and fears. Society as such was forgotten. The richest family was in as much danger as the meanest. Death would come to all at once. Money would make no difference, nor would color or race. Men, their reserve forgotten, talked to anyone they met and were surprised to find that, underneath, each felt the same.

All crime had practically stopped. What was the sense if you wouldn't be alive to enjoy the fruits of your evil deeds? The pursuit of business for profit stopped; only habit and the need of something to occupy the mind kept the people working. People paid their debts and returned even the smallest favors.

The churches were packed, not only Sunday but every day in the week as people prepared their souls for the end.

Christmas passed; then one night, as suddenly as it had appeared, the light

vanished, still unexplained, never to be explained.

Life went back almost to normal; business was resumed; towns sprang to life again.

But the memory remained and always would. The effects of the experience would last a long time. Once the reserve of a people has been broken down, it is hard to build up again. The entire country had become a friendly place, and each inhabitant felt himself neighbor to people throughout the country. Men had had a preview of eternity and would remember it forever.

Months afterwards, the following Christmas, in fact, a little boy, listening to his mother read the Christmas story, broke into the tale with, "Was that light everyone was so scared of the Christmas star, Mommy?"

JANE NEIDE, '51

The trees are bare;  
They have shed their bright cloaks  
And sleep till spring will warm their  
tired, old limbs,  
And the sap once more will flow through  
the gnarled veins.  
Dreariness clutches the earth,  
Casting its shadow on the soul of man.  
Winter brings a fast from nature's  
beauty;  
The poet and the artist sleep.  
But wait,  
You who sadly languish for the spring!  
The morning rays of light sparkle  
On the window pane.  
Outside, the earth is covered with a sheet  
of starlike crystals;  
The trees reach to the sky with coats  
of ermine.  
Nature does not long hide herself  
Among dark clouds.

DAVID KLEINBARD, '51



NORMA ENGELHARDT, '52

## *Promise*

First prize poem in poetry contest



It takes the peril of battle to settle

## A Point of Honor

Charlie muttered, "Let them come." He wasn't afraid now. Not now, no not after ———. His thoughts strayed back a few days.

It had been a bright, clear morning not unlike the mornings he had been used to.

Later in the day Colonel Tyndell had asked for two volunteers to make sketches of the possible defensive and offensive position of the island. Nothing risky. At the most there were just a few crazy guerrillas left on the island. Of course, Bud had to go, and, of course, Charlie had to follow. It had been like that as long as Charlie could remember. Bud would volunteer and lead, and Charlie, frightened and unsure of himself, would follow. As Charlie had watched the speed boat, the last link with the base, disappear, he had felt his stomach turn cold.

Their third day on the island a sudden hail of bullets cut their path. Panic seized Charlie. Darting behind a small row of shrub and rock, out of any immediate danger, he swiftly worked his way to the shelter of the jungle, keeping well below the guns that had not ceased firing. Glancing fearfully around, he saw that Bud hadn't fared as well as he had. He was lying in a partial shelter, the front of his shirt stained a dull red. Charlie glanced at Bud's rifle, a scant fifty feet away, marking the spot of the ambush. He turned quickly, pale and terrified, and ran headlong into the jungle.

After running for what seemed a year,



THELMA KALEN, '51

he fell behind a thick clump of bushes. He listened intently. The shots had stopped—not a sound; it was like a nightmare, Charlie thought. Then eight quick shots shattered the terrible silence, followed again by a period of stillness, which was quickly broken by three screams. Charlie covered his head and cried.

The fear he had known slowly changed to calmness, and from calmness to a growing hate. He had to find Bud. Darkness had closed an ominous curtain over the island. Everything was still; even the animals were silent. But for once Charlie found strength in the darkness and quiet; he had to prove something to himself—



and to Bud. After groping through the dark, he neared the spot of the ambush. The gnats were out in force, and a lone mosquito made the only audible noise. The form his hands touched was cold and lifeless when he turned it over. A small trickle of blood ran from the tightly closed mouth.

Even now he could sense them closing

in. He would welcome them. "Let them come," he said aloud.

Suddenly a rifle spoke from the darkness, then another and another. Charlie answered their scattered fire with a brief volley; then a knife rose and fell. And the jungle was quiet.

RALPH PILLISCHER, '51

## A Fine Day

*It's clear today.  
The sky is blue,  
And earth reflects the gold of the sun;  
Dry leaves scatter before my feet  
With a sound like corn flakes without milk.  
Milkweed pods and shriveled stems  
Litter the path through the field to the  
wood,  
Where deep-crimsoned giants spread tattered  
arms against the blue.  
Skeletons remain of many, which,  
Having dropped their tawny blankets,  
fell asleep.  
Tomorrow will be more normal.  
It will rain,  
And the laughing leaves will perish into  
brown mold.  
The tinted hills will dull to pale heavens;  
The framework of the woods will lose its  
lingering crop of fiery hair,  
And await the snow-white of old age.  
Anyway, we live today.*

PATRICIA WELLS, '51



THELMA KALEN, '51



## End of Summer

*Yellow goldenrod,  
Balmy September day,  
Deck summer in one last splendor,  
And sadly lay her away.*

*Scarlet sage  
And leaves of brown,  
Softly, softly bed her down.  
Clover,  
Wild aster,  
And Queen Anne's lace,  
In wreath, in spray,  
Adorn her resting place.*

*Look at her,  
Ah, look at her and sigh  
That one so lovely had to die;  
Look at her and turn away,  
For this is Summer's last sweet day.*

KARL KNAUER '51



'Winter' and 'The Wind' won Second prize in poetry contest



### *Winter*

Like memories of another world,  
When winds are harsh and shrill,  
Ghostly skeletons of trees  
Stand shivering on the hill.

The earth is cold and cheerless;  
Gone is summer's glow.  
The days are dark and empty,  
Waiting for the snow.



Illustration . . BETTY STADELMEIER, '51

### *The Wind*

The wind has many voices  
And strange mysterious sounds—  
Sibilant whispers through the tall pines,  
The rustling of brown leaves in the fall,  
The whistling as it swoops round the  
eaves

On a frosty night;  
The soft sigh as it sweeps down the  
grasses

On the dunes.

It can gently nod the daisies' heads  
Or scatter papers noisily in March.

It can churn the billowing waves  
And thunderously crash the surf against  
the rocks,

Or be still

As the unbroken silence of death.



### *The Thunder Storm*

The day is thick and sultry  
And clouds, like tents of gray,  
Have gathered in the heavy air  
To keep the sun away.

The day is growing darker  
And thunder fills the sky;  
The earth is tensely waiting  
The visit from on high.

A break comes in the cumbrous clouds.  
And down through space are hurled  
The angry gods of lightning,  
Who will punish all the world.

BARBARA FLOWER, '51



It takes teamwork to produce

## *The Winner*

I had just dribbled in for a layup when Coach Irving said, "All right, gang, that's enough practice for today. Don't forget to take warm showers and get to bed early. We've got a long week ahead of us."

As I walked toward the showers, my teammate and buddy, Tommy Jackson, fell in with me. "You certainly are improving your play around the foul circle," he said. "If you don't watch out, you're going to become a good basketball player." I was just about to answer him when Coach Irving motioned to me to follow him into his office.

Once inside the office, he turned to me and said, "Your playing is improving, Dick, but you seem to lack drive and spirit. Is something bothering you? If so, tell me, and maybe I can help you."

"No, there's nothing wrong," I replied. "I guess I'm just tired." But deep down inside me, I said to myself, "He's just like all the rest. Who cares about spirit and drive? Spirit doesn't win a basketball game."

"Well, get some rest. You'll probably feel better by morning," he said.

After I showered and dressed, I met Tommy outside the gym. "Hurry up, slow poke, I'm already late for dinner," he said. As we walked along through the December twilight, he talked about the big game next week and the dance afterwards. While he talked on, I thought to myself, "What's he so pepped up about? Of course, I want to win, but what's all this enthusiasm about? It's just another school game. School spirit, school spirit, that's



NAN DIVALERIO, '51

all I hear. School spirit doesn't win games; school spirit doesn't score points; the basketball players do." When we reached my house, Tom and I said goodbye, and I went in to eat.

Two nights later we played Midvale in a home game, and it was in this game I got my first taste of real school spirit. The stands filled up rapidly as we warmed up, and I thought to myself, "Why does everybody come dressed up with school signs and decorations? It's just another basketball game."

The first quarter was tight, and we led only 21-20 at the buzzer. During the second quarter there was a scuffle for a rebound under our backboard, and I saw Tommy get an elbow in the ribs. It must have hurt because of the way he winced. We called time out, but he said he was all right and the game was resumed. After a hard fought second quarter, the half ended with us holding a slim 39-38 edge.



During the second half, the lead saw-sawed back and forth. In the closing minutes of the fourth quarter, Tommy, who had been sparking the team, put us ahead with a driving layup. As I started down court on defense, I heard a thud. Turning around, I saw Tommy stretched out cold on the court. They carried him out, and the game went on. It wasn't till later in the dressing room I heard the full story. Tommy had cracked his rib in the second quarter and played the rest of the game in intense pain. On the way home, I thought to myself, "Why didn't he take himself out? The pain must have been terrible." The next day I asked him why he stayed in there, and the only answer I got was that he didn't want to let the team and the school down.

Afterwards I thought to myself, "He endured all that pain just for the sake of a basketball game. How silly!" But the more I thought about it, the more I thought there might be something to this school spirit after all.

During the next few days, the whole school began preparing for the annual Glendale-Coaltown basketball game. Posters and placards were posted everywhere while preparations were made for the annual dance afterwards. Students held booster meetings, and school spirit went

up one hundred per cent. The day before the big game, the school held a tremendous pep rally in the gym. Cheerleaders went about their duties with extra vim and vigor; everybody seemed to get in stride with the spirit of the occasion. That is, everybody but me. Don't get me wrong! I wanted to win the game just as much as anybody, but all this school spirit was going too far. I will admit, however, that I enjoyed hearing the words of one fellow student who said, "Yes, sir, that Dicky Thompson is a very fine basketball player. Too bad he doesn't have more school spirit." School spirit, school spirit—that was just what the coach had said.

On the night of the big game, the stands were packed a half hour before game time. We were underdogs, but you wouldn't have known it from the sound of the cheer we received as we trotted on court for our warm-up shots. At the start of the game, I controlled the tap and passed it to Tony Williams. He took two dribbles and passed it off to Tommy. Spotting an opening, I cut down the center lane and laid Tommy's pass in for a two-pointer. The crowd let out a tremendous cheer, and I felt pretty good myself. After a tight first quarter, the Coaltown forwards went into high gear, and we trailed at halftime, 41-31.

As I walked toward the dressing room,

NAN DIVALERIO, '51





I heard somebody shout, "That's the way to play basketball, Glendale. Keep fighting." While I sat in the dressing room, I thought to myself, "Who cares if I play a good game or not? No matter how I play, if the team wins, I'm a hero, and if they lose, I'm a bum."

In the opening minutes of the second half, I managed to give off some very nice passes, and we cut the margin down to two points. It remained that way until the fourth quarter. I opened the final period by making a beautiful one-hander to tie the game and followed that up by sinking a long set shot, which brought the crowd screaming from their seats. Suddenly I saw a momentary pause by my opponent and took the opportunity to intercept a pass intended for him. I dribbled down court and laid it up for two points. The crowd went wild, and all of a sudden it hit me! These fans weren't cheering because I was scoring; they were cheering because the school team was winning. They didn't care who scored as long as the team was winning. Every fan in the gym was playing that game, not just the ten men on the court.

Well, the lead soon disappeared when the Coaltowners came roaring back, but I matched them, point for point. One-hand shots, set shots, impossible shots—I made them all. I wanted to win, not for self glory but for the school. I was filled with the thing they call school spirit. Then it happened. With twenty seconds remaining and the score tied, I fumbled away an easy pass. An alert Coaltown forward grabbed the ball and raced down court for the winning score.

In the dressing room after the game, I was almost in tears. I suddenly felt a hand on my shoulder. I looked up and saw Tony standing there. Expecting words of anger and disgust, I was surprised to hear him say, "You played a swell game, and you didn't deserve to fumble that pass, but we're not holding it against you." He was smiling as he said this and, as I looked around, the others were smiling, too. I thought to myself, "You won after all. The team lost the game, but you got some school spirit, and that was more important."

ROBERT GOLD, '51

## CHRISTMAS

*Christmas comes but once a year;  
When it's gone, we'll shed no tear.  
Working to have everything that will  
Dazzle  
Wearing ourselves to the very last  
Frazzle  
Frantically rushing for last minute  
Necessities—  
Wearily hoping for no more  
Complexities—  
Reading the story of good old  
St. Nick—  
To children so excited, we fear they'll be  
Sick—*

*Struggling with the tree, to set it just  
Right—  
Trimming it with balls and bright electric  
Light—  
Wrapping the presents, trying hard to be  
Original—  
Comes the day of great  
Expectations  
With big, luscious turkey, and gift  
Creations  
Forgotten is our weariness of the month's  
long  
Pull.  
Christmas—  
Isn't it wonderful!*

BEVERLY DEAN, '53



You will not be tempted as Meg was

## If Ye Have Faith

As Meg sank into the nearest vacant seat on the train, she was tired in every inch of her five-feet four, tired from her russet velvet tam that sat jauntily on her black bob to the platform soles of her neat brown shoes. The company had given all the employees one afternoon in which to Christmas shop, and Meg had been in and out of shops all afternoon. It was discouraging to shop with prices so inflated, and when one lived under the rule of the scowling household god, "Budget," it took the fun out of shopping.

She had all her gifts now, though Ted's present had been wrapped and sent weeks ago with those to go to the armed forces in Korea. What kind of Christmas would it be anyway with Ted away? A tired tear of self-pity slid down Meg's cheek. Surprisingly she wiped her face and blinked from the window as the train drew near the little town where Ted and she had bought their first home a few months before. At the thought of the little bungalow Meg stiffened. They had been so afraid

they would lose it that, when Ted was suddenly called back into service, he had insisted that they rent it and that she return to her parents' house until he was out of service. Meg had listened to his careful plans for her and seemed to agree. She really hadn't thought what they meant at the time, and in the excitement of his departure, Ted had taken it for granted that she would carry them out. That did not mean she had promised anything.

With a sudden change of humor, Meg smiled to herself. Wouldn't Ted be surprised when he came home and found she was a working woman and their things were still secure in their little home?

Still smiling to herself, Meg set the little house in order that evening before she left to spend Christmas Eve with her parents in another part of town. Only when she was arranging the manger scene beneath a tiny table tree did she again let a tear fall. As she placed the Virgin Mary near the little manger, it seemed that the little blue-clad plaster figure was smiling at her.



NAN DIVALERIO, '51



Mary and Joseph had found it hard going, too, she recalled. There had always been tyrants and strife, but Mary and Joseph had believed in God's promises and through their faith had brought hope and light to mankind. Meg picked up the little figure and gazed into its peaceful face. She would try to have faith, but she felt so alone. Mary and Joseph had had each other on that far-off Christmas Eve. It had been weeks since she had heard from Ted. Carefully she locked the bungalow door, and as she trudged through the new fallen snow, she wept softly.

When her parents had retired for the night, Meg went quietly to her mother's kitchen cabinet. She knew her mother had a box of tiny pellets there. Yes, it was still there on the orderly shelf. She poured the little pills into the palm of her hand and looked at them. One of these tiny pills had allowed her mother to get a night's needed sleep when she had been ill. Would several

give Meg release from loneliness and worry? How very, very tiny they were—as tiny as—What was it that was the tiniest of seeds? Suddenly Meg remembered. It was a mustard seed.

In the quiet kitchen she seemed to hear the words, "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you."

Little homes would grow and Christmas candles would glow in them on other Christmases. The spirit of Christ was not to be down-trodden while His followers had faith in God's promises. Meg put the box of pills back and quietly closed the closet door.

Softly across the night she heard the Christmas chimes ring out their song of hope for peace on earth.

LOIS WRIGLEY, '53

*A faint rustling sound  
Disturbed the still night,  
And in the soft glow  
Of the yellow street light  
I saw snowflakes swirl,  
All shimmering white,  
In a dance of mad ecstasy.*

*The voice of the snowflakes  
Became a long sigh—  
Come dance; dance in splendor,  
Tomorrow we die.  
But tonight in perfection  
Descend from the sky,  
In a dance of sweet ecstasy.*

## Snow Dance

*Yes, tonight we must dance  
For tomorrow we die,  
Gray and despondent  
On earth we shall lie,  
But tonight let us dance  
In farewell to the sky,  
A dance of sad ecstasy.*

BARBARA FLOWER, '51





# STUDENT DAY



BUD GOODWIN, '51

Student Government Day had arrived at last. Pupils of Abington High School were to be given a chance to demonstrate their ability as teachers and administrators of school affairs. To make the situation realistic, the faculty volunteered to act as pupils. Terrified by the responsibility confronting them, student teachers appealed to acting principal Joe Butch, to declare a holiday. Doubtful as to his authority, Joe nervously telephoned Dr. English, school superintendent, requesting permission to have radio station WFIL announce cancellation of school because snow had been forecast for the day. Joe's request was courteously refused, and Dr. English quoted the state law which recommended cancellation of school only when snow reached a depth of nine feet.

Fast-thinking Joe then called a special assembly, which, he thought, would take up quite a bit of time and automatically shorten the periods for the rest of the day. As assembly was about to begin, Wally Carroll asked permission to make an announcement. He ascended the platform and said, "Will the owner of the 1914 Stanley Steamer which is hidden

behind the cottage please move it so that the United Parcel truck can make a delivery?" Mr. Tate sheepishly tried to leave the auditorium unnoticed, but his squeaking shoes gave him away and he was revealed as the owner of the four-wheeled monstrosity.

For entertainment, a men's sextet composed of Messrs Grun, Cole, Kreider, Snodgrass, Glatthorn, and Burlington, accompanied by Mr. Gernert, sang two selections: "Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer", and Spike Jones' arrangement of "All I want for Christmas is My Two Front Teeth". Following these delightful musical renditions, Principal Butch appointed the student teachers for the day, and Mr. Gernert gave a few pointers to the faculty as to their behavior in classrooms.

Joan Suplee took over as school secretary and was busily handling a group of tardy pupils, the first of whom was Mr. Davison. He hung his head in shame as Joan read this excuse: "Dear Teacher: Please excuse John for being late as he refused to take his cod liver oil pill, and I could not let him leave until he had his vitamins. I found that he had been hiding the capsules under the rug, and I fear that he has been led astray by some of his schoolmates.—Signed, Mrs. Davison".

In the gym, Dot Rapp tried to be an efficient athletic director. Mrs. Thompson, who was energetically practicing on the face-vault, put a little too much oomph into her jump and went head-first through an open window. No one could remember any first-aid so a rush call was sent out for Nancy Kerr, who was substituting as



school doctor. Following her examination, Nancy advised that the unconscious athlete be taken home immediately. As the limp body was carried out, Nancy helpfully said, "See that she is given one of three little green pills every hour until she wakes up, and if she hasn't regained consciousness by Sunday, have the family call me. She is very lucky because, if that window hadn't been open, she might have been decapitated".

History class was an ordeal for Elizabeth (Betsy) Finney, who was painfully aware that her pupils knew a lot more about the subject than she did. When she found that Mr. Pawling had signed "Charlie" on his test paper, Betsy gleefully announced that he could write "Charles F. Pawling" five thousand times so that he would remember nicknames were never tolerated in class. Betsy was exasperated when two women teachers were seen putting on makeup, saying that they just had to keep up with their map-work.

Lunchtime was a welcome respite. In the cafeteria Mr. Smiley was caught sneaking into line ahead of Miss Halde-man. For this offense he was given four hours' detention. On the counters were generous platters of food, and Managers

Ruth Emerich and Pat Roth offered a \$2.00 prize to the lucky person suggesting the most appropriate name for the dish being served that day. Some of the suggestions handed in sent Ruth and Pat sobbing to the girls' locker rooms.

During second lunch period, Byron Smith attempted to repair the defective bell system. By mistake he rang the fire alarm, sending everyone dashing out into the cold. A couple of extremely hungry teachers remained in the cafeteria, and when the managers returned, three blueberry pies had disappeared. The culprits were easily detected when Pop Smith and Miss Cathell were found guiltily trying to remove berry stains from their lips. Detention for a week was their punishment.

Library work nearly drove Nancy Stanert insane. In a very short time, history books were on the science reference shelves. Later she discovered Mr. Burlington had borrowed all the science books to write a biology report on the life history of a groundhog. It seems he and Mr. Rauch were competing for the best grades, and Mr. Burlington was determined to get all the material. Any that he would not need he hid from Mr. Rauch.

In the corridors, art instructors Elli



BUD GOODWIN, '51



Rickert and Nan DiValerio kept their pupils busily at work on a futuristic mural depicting the arrival of a busload of merry Abington students. The artists were constantly annoyed by Don Rieco, who stood ostentatiously on his head in an attempt to figure out the designs.

At three p. m. the exhausted Abingtonians were only too glad to go home for a well deserved rest. The faculty roared with laughter as the busloads of students hurriedly left the school with no thought of extra-curricular activities that day. The teachers felt positive that their pupils would be amazingly quiet and cooperative after suffering through one day of reversed positions.

JEANNE SARGENT, '51



BUD GOODWIN, '51

## Radio-Activity

*From morn 'til night what do I hear  
But "CQ ten" ringing in my ear?  
My brother's a "radio ham", you see,  
So radio's not strange to me.  
He talks to friends both near and far,  
With a "rig" at home and one in the car.  
Our dinner's ready, but Dick's not yet;  
It's six, and time to enter the "net."  
He'll rush upstairs at five of eight  
For a chat with Bob; he can't be late!  
Then off to Mobile Club he goes;  
Just when he'll be home—nobody knows.  
By twelve o'clock he's back—but then  
What do we hear but code again!  
The same routine from day to day,  
He's "radio-active" I would say!*

MARIAN MOLL, '52

## Our Little War

*I wandered today on a battlefield,  
Where lately a victor stood.  
He watched his enemy driven back,  
And he laughed and cheered when he  
could.*

*The field is littered with blood and mud,  
And rations are strewn on the ground.  
The turf is torn and beaten down;  
The grass is dirty and browned.*

*Papers and trash confuse my way;  
The goal is no longer in sight.  
It was smashed into pieces—souvenirs  
To remember the day of the fight.*

*For the papers are programs and pennants  
gay,*

*The rations—hot dogs and pop.  
The blood is ketchup spilled in haste  
When the enemy wouldn't stop.*

*For the battle took place on a football  
field,*

*But the glory is still the same  
As our high school cheered on that after-  
noon*

*When we won our toughest game.*

PATRICIA WELLS, '51

## A Gay Goodbye

*A shower of gold and red and brown  
Came flying, flitting, fluttering down.  
It looked like a host of butterflies  
Drifting down from the autumn skies.  
'Twas really a band of bright colored  
leaves  
Saying goodbye to their family trees.*

WILLIAM LAPP, '52



If this is your town and your home,

## Can It Happen Again?



The snow swirls gently to the ground as the small grey donkey picks its way along the paved walk. The man and woman accompanying it seem picturesque and quaint in contrast with the tall buildings and bridges of an industrial city. Here and there a late shopper, hurrying home to his warm, well-lighted home, casts an inquiring glance toward the three snow-sprinkled figures. Often, along the way, the tired pilgrim makes his way to a house and knocks on the door to beg shelter for his wife and beast. But unfortunately man has not changed in the past two thousand years, and the travelers are turned away—still lonely, still quiet.

Within the houses, the people are likewise quiet and seem to have lost their festive spirit. They turn to look at one another, seeking to rectify what they have done. They seem to have lost all interest in the trees decked with gaudy trimmings and bowed to the floor with a load of gifts. It is almost as though they have forgotten why they are gathered. No one begins an old carol to be joined by others as has been the custom for many years,

And out in the dark night the trio moves quietly, almost ominously, on through the dim streets. Far down in the crowded narrow alleys, where homes which can afford no children are crowded with shabby, pitiful children—so easily pleased by some meager present, the three halt and are approached by two of these unfortunates. The boy, sunken of cheek, thin of frame, clutches his sister's bony hand, and both peer inquisitively into the faces of the two strangers. Seeing that they shiver from the cold and their faces are drawn and tired, the children draw the strangers into a wretched tenement, whose creaky steps seem to creak a little less under the strangers' footsteps than under those accustomed to tread there. Even the burro stands quietly content inside the door while the children rub the snow and water out of his soft coat and feed him bread crust from their meager store.

As the strangers warm themselves by



LORRAINE BATES, '51



the tiny stove and partake of the humble food, they smile once more, and as they smile, the shadow seems to lift from the entire town; once again friend greets friend and the warm, glorious carols ring out across the now moonlit snow. The festive trees, drooping before under the foreboding silence, stretch their scented greenness toward the very roofs of the city. The people throw off their lethargy to replenish the yuletide fires, which have sunk

to hardly glowing embers.

But though the homes are once more bright and cheerful, and the spirit of gladness once more reigns supreme—one and then another of the people shudders as though feeling some deathly, far-off chill. They will a long time remember when the shadows of their own greed and self-satisfaction almost smothered the fires of Christmas.

CAROLYN CLARK, '51

### *A Christmas Carol*

*A silvery carol rings  
On the icy air of night,  
Perhaps an angel sings  
A song of his delight.  
  
A willing song of gladness  
Melodiously swells,  
Annihilating sadness  
In hearts where sorrow dwells.*

*The music on the frosty air  
Awakes the quiet morn,  
And joyous carols everywhere  
Proclaim that Christ is born.*

BARBARA FLOWER, '51

### *Adoramus Te, Christe*

*Three wise men of old followed a star—  
And found a King.  
They knelt and adored Him;  
Gold, frankincense, and myrrh  
Were their offering.  
He was an infant,  
But they saw His divinity;  
The stable was rough and unclean,  
But they saw His beauty.  
Mary bore Him to the world  
That crucified Him.  
The heavens proclaimed His holy birth  
While Joseph, a humble man,  
Poured music from his heart.  
Christ the King was born.*

NANCY KERR, '51

THELMA KALEN, '51





Pray that you never feel the terror of

## PURSUIT

The crystalline snow sifted down to the forest below. It covered familiar spots with sheets of white, lying thick under the stark branches of the leafless trees, jumping up wherever there was even a hint of a spot where a drift might be formed. It burdened the pines with heavy loads, which occasionally fell to the floor underneath. All that night and the next day it snowed. On the evening of the second day the storm ceased. The pale moon which rose that night seemed cold and remote to a completely changed world.

A black spot, contrasting sharply with the alabaster mound at the base of the hemlock, quivered as a snowshoe rabbit tested the wind. Suddenly his whole body tensed, for the wind which swept his back trail carried the taint of a weasel. The rabbit choked back a feeling of panic; he knew as surely as he lived that even now a killer was stalking him. With a convulsive spring he shook off the snow and leaped away. He jumped high every now and then to look back but was soon lost to sight among the black pillars of trees. Presently an elusive shadow slipped after him.

After a few hundred yards the hare

stopped to test the wind again. Still came the dreaded killer's scent, stronger now and more terrifying. He spurted on, side-jumping and back-tracking frantically.

Farther back, the weasel still hung grimly to the spoor of his prey, his lithe whipcord body undulating as he followed. His beady eyes were shot with blood and lust and excitement of the kill. The rabbit was tiring rapidly now, and the weasel began to gain. The rabbit glanced behind, and, seeing the slinking form coming faster, made a last hysterical effort to escape, but to no avail. Swiftly forward bounded his pursuer. As the vicious looking, diamond-shaped head darted in with a lightning feint to avoid the lunging back-teeth of the rodent, the merciful snow hushed a death scream while the weasel's teeth met in the throat of his victim.

About a hundred feet distant the top of a tall stump took wings and glided silently toward the strangled sound. Great yellow eyes distinguished a sinuous animal tearing at a still form lying in the snow. Soft feathers gave no warning when the eagle dropped. Hunting was good that night.

RICHARD WEPPNER, '52



THELMA KALEN, '51





BETTY STADELMEIER, '51

## *As Others See Us*

It all started so suddenly. They had been happy and peaceful for such a long time, but now look at them! They're terrorized. Some of them have been wounded and others killed so that they don't dare come out during the day at all.

But it's only recently that it all began. Just such a short time ago they had nothing to worry about except obtaining food, and even that wasn't much of a problem because the food was there aplenty during the fall. The days seemed sunny and time went rapidly when suddenly—it came!

It was very early on the morning of November first. One of them had gotten up and gone out for a look around. As he glanced down, he spied a hideous monster clutching something long and shiny. This creature apparently didn't see him, so he sat there, terror stricken, and watched the giant as it lumbered along. After a little while, this monster turned around and started for him. Then it was looking right at him. It was too

late to run; therefore the only thing to do was freeze and hope the monster wouldn't see him. The creature suddenly stopped and raised the long shiny object it carried. There was a thunderous explosion, followed by a hush as some leaves spattered down. A hot, piercing pain shot through the one who was hiding. He staggered. No, he couldn't fall; he must get back home. Painfully he made his way back, crawled through the door, and fell senseless to the floor.

When he came to, darkness had settled down, and with it the monster had apparently left. He wondered just how soon the terror would return. Well, at least there was one compensation; those big creatures wouldn't be able to climb up to his house. He licked his wounded shoulder and shuddered with fright.

It's terrible to be a squirrel during hunting season.

ANDRE BOISSEVAIN, '51



## Four Little Stinkers

Most of our friends are ready to run when they see our pet skunks, but we find them the most affectionate of little animals.

One day last summer we were riding down the pike when we noticed a group of Electric Company men looking at some objects. As we came closer, we saw four little "kitties" sitting huddled together at the curb. Their mother lay dead in the road, where an auto had just hit her.

As the men said they didn't want the babies, we packed them into the car and took them to the veterinarian. After his deodorizing treatment, we brought them home and named them Tweed, Abientot, Shanghai, and Confetti—and called them our "Lentheric Package."

We fed them warm milk several times a day. They grew and soon took meat and table foods. Two of the kitties we took to the home of the vet; the other two we kept. One kitty got into a fight and died of blood poisoning, but the other one grew fat and

tame.

The last one left, Tweed, we take on walks on a leash. He likes to climb steps. His favorite food is eggs. When we put a whole unbroken egg into his cage, he tries to get it into his paws and bite it. Very much disgusted and very angry when he can't get his teeth around the egg, Tweed stamps his feet and hisses. When he finally gets his teeth into the egg, he makes a hole and sucks the egg through the shell.

He is affectionate with me and curls up into my lap, sticking his little head under my belt, wrapping his paws around my hand, and holding tight. When he sleeps at night, he digs a hole in the straw and rolls up into a ball.

Besides Tweed, we also have an older "kitty" named Gardenia. Both Gardenia and Tweed are domesticated, but at night they have been known to have friends from the woods visit them, who are not nice "kitties" like our pet skunks!

JEANNE BLAETZ, '52



BETTE RILEY, '51





GEORGE PORTER, '53

Five billion miles from the planet Earth, a strange object sped through the void. It was a black metallic ball, three-feet in diameter. Inside the spaceship, for that's what it was, were a set of controls, a video screen, and complete living quarters for one, with provisions for two years. In the small circular net which served as a bed lay the sole occupant of the ship, sleeping soundly. It was a strange animal, only six inches high and vaguely resembling a mouse. On its head was a pair of antennae tipped with small discs. Its tail was split in two and curled around, making a pincerlike arrangement. It stirred and awoke. Immediately its whole body turned a brilliant glowing green. This was a Pfftion Futt from a solar system of the fourth galaxy.

The office was crowded as the five men sat discussing the launching of a new rocket to another galaxy. Earth had already flown to and colonized every planet in their solar system, and now they were going to try to reach the fourth galaxy. One of the men suddenly stood up and said, "Fools! Don't you realize that we're not ready for this project yet? Can't you see that we will only run into trouble? I

Paul didn't believe in any such phenomenon

## The Invader

say let's abandon this whole thing until we settle some of our own problems. For example, take the——." He was interrupted by a messenger, who walked over to him and handed him a tele-dispatch. He read it quickly, then exclaimed, "Great Scott! It says that a strange black sphere has landed near Arlington Memorial Cemetery not three miles from here!"

The men hurried to a waiting black sedan and were quickly driven to the cemetery. When they reached their destination, an orderly greeted them and rushed them over to General Carson, who was in command of a squadron of marines covering the mysterious ball with rifles and two light cannon. Suddenly the sphere began to glow, and a bubble appeared on one side. The bubble became thinner and thinner until it finally popped.

There stood the Pfftion Futt, its antennae slightly swaying in the breeze. It held a strange device between the two parts of its pincer-like tail. After placing a weird helmet on its head, it pointed to the screen of the device with its antennae, which protruded through the helmet. The officials stood amazed as the Futt's thoughts were written in English on the screen. Even more amazing was the following message which appeared there: "I am an inhabitant of the planet Pfft, sent to inform you that we of Pfft do not want you to send any device into or near the fourth galaxy. We have the power to stop any resistance which we may encounter from you. Watch." The Futt placed the discs on its antennae together, and a strange beam of blue light shot out and melted





GEORGE PORTER, '53

both cannon. "You have now seen what we can do," continued the screen. "I will leave you now."

The Futt turned to start back to its ship. General Carson yelled, "Fire!" and the rifles, which had survived the blue beam, were discharged by the waiting marines. Because of a few wild shots, the Futt was only wounded. It staggered back to the ship and mumbled something into a strange microphone-like instrument before a second shot dropped it where it stood.

"Look!" cried one of the group with alarm and pointed to the device. A single word remained on its quickly fading screen: "Attack."

Two months later, when a spaceport officer was checking the course of a freighter from Mars, he noticed thousands of extra blips on the radar screen. He quickly switched to a closer frequency and saw, to his horror, that each blip was a black spherical space ship from the fourth galaxy.

"Whew!" sighed Paul as he laid down the magazine he was reading, "that was some science-fiction story. Of course, it couldn't ever come true." He picked up the evening paper. The headline read, "Strange Sphere Lands in Arlington Memorial Cemetery."

DAVID DURST, '53

In 1995 earth may be destroyed by

## "The Man"

My name is Hurd James. I am fifteen years old and a junior in high school. Maybe you could say we, the average American boys, were responsible for what was to happen. Here is my story.

It was two weeks before Christmas, in the year 1995. "The Man" was breaking all sales records all over the country and

in Canada. What, you ask, was "The Man"? "The Man" was a robot, only a different kind of robot, for as soon as a switch was turned, it would obey any simple command. Everywhere everyone was hailing it as the greatest invention since toy jet cars. It was about four feet tall and made of metal. Best of all, it



cost only five dollars. It was made by a small, unknown company.

Every boy on the block had one or was getting one for Christmas, and I was no exception. Almost all the conversation was about "The Man," and all of us could hardly wait to own one.

Finally Christmas came, and I feverishly hunted for the box in which "The Man" rested. At last I found it and hurriedly put the robot together with almost superhuman speed. When it was finished, I spoke my first command, "Walk," and it walked. Completely enthralled, I gave it other simple directions, which it followed. All afternoon I played with it, stopping just long enough for dinner. I telephoned my friends, and they all had a "Man" and were just as excited as I.

Only too soon night came, and at ten I drowsily went to bed and immediately fell asleep, dreaming of "The Man."

Suddenly there were screams from every direction. Instinctively I held my hands over my ears. My first thought was, "It's a nightmare," but as the screams increased, I looked out of the window. There my eyes saw what my mind did not believe. There, there in the streets were hundreds of "Men," all armed with guns, against which the people were powerless. Then, a wild thought struck my mind—invasion. Yes, our teacher had said the Martians might look like this. And we had laughed! But there was no laughing now, just stark, naked terror. Only later was I to know the truth of my guess. The Martians, who looked exactly like "The Men," had used "The Men" as decoys, later mingling with them in their invasion of the earth.

But now I dressed and rushed wildly toward the door—and stopped, for the door slowly opened and two "Men," Martians now, stood there.



GEORGE WOODWARD, '52

Then they spoke, not through the mouth, but by mental telepathy. They ordered me to go, and I went, too shaken to do anything else. Now we were the robots, and the Martians were our captors.

As we reached the street, I took a wild look around, and despair flew into my heart. Everywhere there were chaos and ruin. There was no hope for Earth. As the two strongest countries on Earth fell, so did Earth.

Now, after five years, I am the only person left of what was the teeming, throbbing millions of New York City. I am a slave now, working in the far bowels of Mars, digging, ever digging, and getting weaker and weaker every day.

And there is no hope—or is there? As we made our mistake, perhaps some one, someday, might learn from Earth's experience. Perhaps they will.

TYKE TAMURA, '53





NAN DIVALERIO, '51

## Abbie's Diary

**September 8**—What a time! Flocks of wide-eyed sophomores tramped the halls and added to the general confusion of any opening session. My classes are wonderful, but rather noisy amid the clatter of falling stone and hammering that goes along with the construction of new fire towers. Looks like a wonderful year.

**September 29**—We won our first football game of this season tonight under the lights. Joe Dinkins streaked down the field through the whole Haverford team to score our winning touchdowns, as Abington started their league race with a spirited victory.

**October 27**—Tonight was just over too soon. The whole gang came to "Freundschaft Tanz," and what a time we had playing Canasta and dancing! We never did pick a ping-pong champion, but it took old-fashioned cider and doughnuts to cool us off after some heated contests. The \$100 profit from this Student Council Open House will buy a three-speed record player for our affiliate in Germany.

**October 30**—This school resembled M. G. M. today. From Mrs. Wyatt's usually quiet office came sounds of dramatic, emotional voices. Upon investigation I found nervous seniors trying out for their play. I wish them luck.

**October 31**—Seventy civic-minded Abingtonians left for a day's session at the United Nations. Six-thirty was an unmerciful hour for the poor dears to have to leave. Guess the New Yorkers didn't know what to make of the two carloads of strange creatures passing through their fair city.

A few students had high ideals for settling the world problems, but listening to one Russian attack for fifteen minutes was enough to discourage the best peacemakers.

Our soccer team gave its all today, but the Hallowe'en jinx was on Abington. We tied a powerful Lower Merion team in a game we had to win to capture the championship. It looks like a fine crew for next year's season.

**November 10**—"Trix on the Styx", an underworld of mystery, was created tonight for the Latin Club turnabout. Under the red lights from "down



under", we danced to Bud Reilly's eerie orchestra until the strains of "Good-night Sweetheart" sent starry-eyed couples homeward.

While the Latin Clubbers danced, up at the P. S. P. A. convention in Allentown, we walked away with no less than 25 individual awards. The **Yearbook** and **Oracle** earned firsts while the **Abingtonian** rated second in the state contest.

**November 17**—School spirit ran to new heights today! The gym was gaily decorated in school colors, and the pre-Panther pep meeting bubbled over with excitement as parents and former grid stars came to give their support. Teachers paraded in, wearing little maroon and white hats, as Jim Montague led the band. Head cheerleader, Betty Lou Wilson, ably assisted by her squad, led with cheering that practically raised the roof. Coach Snodgrass remarked that it was one of the finest exhibitions of spirit that he had ever seen.

**November 18**—We did it again! In the 26th annual game with Cheltenham, Abington defeated the Panthers, 7-6. Cheltenham scored the first touchdown, but their try for the extra point was blocked by Wally Carroll.

Cheltenham rooters screamed for joy, but their celebration didn't last long. Abington's John Dennis, a sophomore, caught a 13-yard touchdown pass for the tying score, and Bob Frick kicked the extra point to give the Ghosts their 16th win over the tamed Panthers. Boy, for sheer fight our team just **couldn't** be beaten. They held that lead through three long quarters with little Ted Kitson ripping through for long gains whenever he carried the ball.

**December 8**—Tonight was the first performance of "Mother Is a Freshman". Proud parents beamed from ear to ear and so did cast and coaches. The seniors said they were scared stiff, but they really didn't show it.

Practices were certainly hectic with competition from the carpenters working on the fire towers. At times the thespians had to yell at the top of their voice just to be heard. Mrs. Wyatt and Mr. Gantt surely deserve a lot of credit for their efforts.

**December 22**—Vacation at last! The school looked like a winter wonderland with a beautiful tree in the main hall and all the homerooms decorated for the contest. A good-hearted group of students and teachers made the annual trip to Christ's Home to give a party for the old people, and the music department added to the Christmas spirit with their Yuletide carols.

Everyone is leaving school with the intent to make New Year's resolutions like "I'll always have my homework in on time!" Hope they keep them.







Rex thought he couldn't win without

ELLI RICKERT, '51

## *The Silver Medal*

Rex Adams was the hero of the Crown Point High School cross-country squad, and he looked every bit the part, tall with powerful shoulders and a deep chest, tapering off at the waist to a pair of long slender running legs that were made to carry him over hill and dale with the speed and grace of a greyhound. Rex had been a varsity harrier since his sophomore year; and this year as a senior he had paced his teammates to victory after victory over every opponent on their schedule.

Rex had natural talent, and everyone knew this but the boy himself. Like many boys of his religion, he wore a little silver holy medal around his neck. However, Rex had much more confidence in his little silver medal than did most boys. With that medal around his neck Rex felt defeat was impossible and victory inevitable.

The team was in perfect shape on the eve of the district championships, and it looked as though Crown Point was a sure thing to win.

As Rex made his way home from school deep in thought over the big meet the next day, he passed by a lot where a group of his friends were playing touch football. Rex remembered what the coach had told him. "You can't play two games at once and win; don't take a chance by playing football or any other outside sport before the Districts." But when his pals invited him to join their game, Rex just couldn't resist and, "Besides," he thought, "it'll help me forget the Districts for a little while."

As the boy got ready for bed that night, he discovered his loss—the medal was gone! "The chain must have broken in this afternoon's game," he thought.

Rex pulled on his clothes and, taking a flashlight from his drawer, dashed down stairs and out of the house. He hurried to the lot where he had joined his pals in their game and covered every inch on his hands and knees, never giving up until his batteries gave out.

The next day in school he put the same



question to everyone he met: "Have you seen my medal, you know, my little silver medal?" but the answer was always a sympathetic negative.

When the time came to leave for the Districts, the medal still hadn't turned up. Feeling beaten before the gun, Rex climbed aboard the bus and sank into a rear seat.

As the bus rolled along, Rex became aware of the low, nervous, but confident chatter of his teammates. He looked around him. They were a melting pot of different faiths, some of his own religion, a Jewish boy, a Baptist, but all working together for one cause, which they all agreed was a worthy one. Without medals, without even the same faith he held so dear, they had followed him through a season of victories long to be remembered in the annals of Crown Point cross-country. They all

had faith in the Lord, but they also had another faith he now noticed—a faith in themselves, something he lacked. The medal was made by the hand of man, but he himself, his legs, his physical strength, they were all direct works of God, and he had to believe in them.

As he started to leave the bus for the Districts course, with a feeling of self-confidence growing inside him, the coach stopped him and, with the words, "I thought you might want this," handed Rex the lost medal. The boy gazed at it in his hand; then, after a moment's hesitation, he handed it back to the coach, saying, "This time I'll do it by myself."

Today Rex Adams wears two silver medals. There's an inscription on one that reads: "1950 District V Champion."

ROBERT NAYLOR, '52

## The Richest Moment of My Life

Did you ever see a million dollars all at once? Packs of one, five, ten, twenty, fifty, hundred, five hundred, and thousand dollar bills piled high on a table before your very eyes?

This really happened to me. There I was inside a large bank vault with the bank president and an armed guard presiding over the money and television cameramen, newspaper reporters, photographers, bank officials, and students representing other schools surrounding me.

This was Bank Day in Philadelphia, and a group of students were touring the Philadelphia Corn Exchange Bank. I guess we were dreaming at that time what we could

do with all that money when a newspaper photographer grabbed my arm and led me to that piled up table.

Then the bank official informed me that I, with the help of another girl, was to pose for a publicity stunt celebrating "Bank Day." Amazingly enough, I was to handle all this money, placing a half a million dollars in the arms of the other girl.

The stage was set, and all eyes were upon us as the picture was snapped. I never expect to have so much money pass through my hands again.

JILL BRENNER, '51





LORRAINE BATES, '51

## Widening Horizons

### Kraal

*Roy Brill, a sophomore at Abington this year, is the son of a missionary and has lived in Africa most of his life. When he was very young, his parents were sent to a mission station in the Belgian Congo, where for many years they worked among the natives. Roy spoke the native trade language before he learned to speak English. He later attended a mission school which had only four rooms and sixty pupils and was run in three-month periods. Roy, who says that he has enjoyed his African experiences, hopes some day to be a missionary himself.*

Trudging along a narrow, winding path with tall telephant grass reaching high overhead, and entangling vines reaching out to trip the less prudent, I suddenly leave the maze of grass and vines and burst upon a small village.

Natives come running out of their huts with cries of "Sene! Sene! Azi malam mingi kutala yo! (Hello! Hello! It is good to see you!)" Each native from the oldest to the youngest has to shake hands with me except a few shy ones who hang back.

I see natives with peculiar tribal markings on their bodies, earrings in their ears, bracelets and anklets, and many different kinds of hairdos. The men are wearing short pants bought at trading posts. One or two old men have the skins of animals carelessly thrown around their bodies. The boys wear a small cloth made from the bark of a certain tree. The women and girls wear leaves or what little clothing their husbands buy them.

I am asked why I have come to stay in their village. I tell them I want to see what a native village is like. The capita (headman) sends some of the men to fix one of the huts for me to live in. My boys that brought my food and camp cot are also given a hut.

On looking around me at the village, I see ten huts clustered close together with a lane running down the center. Beside the larger huts are small huts to store grain in. In front of each hut burns a fire with native meal cooking in it. Chickens and goats are running around and getting into



everything. Lean dogs are slinking here and there around the village.

The men return to tell me my hut is in readiness for me to move into. This hut is made with poles, sticks, boka (a type of bamboo), mud, and grass. I inquire how it was made. They tell me that poles were put upright in the ground in a circle; then long sticks were tied on either side of the poles all the way around. Boca is placed upright on the outside of the sticks and tied. Mud is then placed all over this. The roof is thatched. The inside has a mud floor and mud walls. After I inspect my dwelling, I set up my camp cot and go out to join the natives.

"Do you want to see our village?" they ask. "Boyo (yes)," I say. The first thing I see is the inside of one of the huts. On four poles is a rude platform with a mat on which two or three people could sleep. There are two of these platforms. Earthen pots, spears, mats, bows and arrows are strewn around the room. It is apparent that the goats and chickens sleep in the hut with the natives at night.

I am directed down a well-cleared path

## My Aquatic Refuge

With a final adjustment of the air valves, I began my descent into the tepid crystal-blue waters of the Gulf of Mexico. This was my first dive into the realm of Neptune.

As the water flushed against my face mask, a tremendous sensation of excitement sped through my body only to be overshadowed by awe and amazement when I was completely submerged. There, spread before me, was a world of peace and tranquility never equalled in our world of air-breathers. I had never seen such an exquisite shade of aquamarine. The sunlight, reflected from the surface,



ELLI RICKERT, '51

toward a stream. Here I see the women carrying pots of water on their heads while others are filling theirs. The water is crystal clear and very cool. Wearily walking back toward the village after seeing many interesting things, I notice the gardens where men are working in the cool of evening.

At night I stand around the fire with the natives and have my meal while they eat theirs. After the meal we sit and talk about hunting experiences we have had. I go to sleep with joy in my heart that I have been able to visit this village and see the many different native customs and the people's way of living.

ROY BRILL, '53

sent lazy beams of prismatic colors dancing along the ocean floor. Instead of a horizon there was a miraculous blending of the massy bottom with the enchanting water. This combination of color and atmosphere reminded me of an oriental garden with soft lilting music filtering along the tide.

Life in this newly found haven seemed to move at a pleasantly slow and easy pace, set to the rhythm of the ebbing of the tide. The long, deep-green seaweed, which covered virtually everything, swayed to and fro in the lazy, systematic motion of a pendulum doling out the seconds. Even



the sea anenomes kept time with their tentacles, searching for food with their pulsating motions.

Myriads of tropical fish sailed slothfully by, completely ignoring their visitor from the outer world. The lazy opening and closing of their mouths and the drowsy fluttering of their fins fitted perfectly into

this scene of breathtaking beauty.

I had at last discovered a spot left completely untouched by the fast-moving world in which we live. Here was a scene virtually the same now as it was a million years ago.

WINI HARPER, '52

## Anything but Bells

There is nothing more beautiful in the world than lovely bells, but there is also nothing more nerve-racking than wild, uncontrolled bells that never cease clanging.

This particularly tormenting characteristic of bells is exactly what one encounters at Zermatt, Switzerland. There were all sorts of bells—cat bells, goat bells, cow bells, and, especially, church bells.

The cat bells are the ones you hear all night long, accompanied by eerie screechings and wailings. The goat bells are heard only at 5:30 a. m. and at 7 p. m., when the small boys run through the one and only street of Zermatt and shout after the goats, which nibble on the red flowers in front of the largest hotel. The cow bells, however, can be heard constantly—that awful jangling (though some claim it's musical) up and down the hillsides at the foot of the Matterhorn. When I first heard those bells, I was humbly thankful not to have to live next to such a racket. But we were not spared; the worst was yet to come!

There are church bells clanging all the time. One simply can not escape them. The townsfolk start off at 4 a. m. by ringing two bells of conflicting tones for fifteen minutes without a stop. During the week only two bells are rung at a



CAROL BOURNE, '51

time, whereas on Sundays ten of them clang together. (There must be sixty, though!) All are of conflicting tones and completely inharmonious. These bells are neither musical nor rhythmical. They are simply fierce!

The natives of Zermatt must certainly be immune to these bells. I think we were becoming immune to them, too, but not quickly enough.

When someone mentions the name "Zermatt", most people think immediately of the Matterhorn. But I don't; I immediately think of bells. For me, these bells have really become an inseparable part of the character of Zermatt, and even though they nearly drove me crazy, I would, nevertheless, be terribly disappointed if I ever learned that these bells had stopped ringing.

MIGNON LINCK, '52



# My First American Christmas

I was on the list of Displaced Persons from Holland for a year and ten months. Finally on December 16, 1945, the chance was given to me to go to America. Several hundred of us sailed on the eighteenth for the United States. This was my first chance to go on a ship, and I was so thrilled with the prospect that I almost forgot my belongings, what few there were. We had just about the poorest accommodations that were available, but it seemed we were riding in luxury compared with what we were used to.

We sailed for five days and five nights, and on December 23 I crept up on deck to get my first glimpse of the Statue of Liberty. When we docked at five o'clock, I was met by four of the most wonderful people I have ever known. There were Mrs. Janson, Mr. Janson, 15-year old Eve, 17-year old Lawrence, and Sparky, the cocker spaniel.

When we got to their home on Long Island, Mrs. Janson explained that the house wasn't very neat because they were getting ready for Christmas. They all were very helpful, and I was delighted

with the room I was given, a bright, sunny room with white ruffled curtains on all three windows. The furniture consisted of a bed, chair, bureau, dressing table, and a bedside table. I changed for dinner and went down stairs.

After dinner everyone was busy wrapping packages, baking cakes, and cooking desserts, and Mr. Janson was out looking for what he called a Christmas tree, something I had never heard of. When he came back, I saw that it was a big six-foot pine tree. He told me that they hung balls and tinsel and a lot of other things on it. He also said that they put presents under it and on Christmas day they opened them.

We went to bed about nine-thirty and got up at eight. I did more to get in the way than to help, but altogether we got everything done.

After dinner Mr. Janson brought in the tree, and after watching a few minutes to see how it was done, I helped in the decorating. That night we all went to bed early with pleasant dreams.

Everyone was up at six the next morning, and in an hour the place looked as if a cyclone had gone through it. We all had a very pleasant day looking at each other's presents, and that night I thought to myself that this had been the most wonderful Christmas I had ever experienced. I knew I was a very lucky person to have such wonderful foster parents.

ELLI RICKERT, '51



FREDA SCHENKEL, '53



Suddenly she found herself

## Flying High

Have you ever wondered what it would be like to fly through the clouds or to be suddenly and swiftly lifted from the ground, not to reach it again for almost two hours? Believe it or not, just such a thrilling experience occurred in my life this past summer.

I was invited to spend two weeks with some friends in a small town near Rutland, Vermont. You can well imagine my surprise and delight when Mother suggested that I travel there by airplane!

My parents drove me to La Guardia Airport in New York, where I was to board the plane. As Dad was checking my baggage in the waiting room, an important sounding voice, blasting over the loudspeaker, announced that flight number twenty would land in about fifteen minutes.

We rushed to the window and gazed breathlessly at a beautiful silver sky-cruiser circling above. It dropped suddenly and rolled to a stop on the airstrip directly in front of us.

Along with the other excited passengers I lost no time in getting on board. No sooner was I seated than the stewardess told all the passengers to fasten their safety belts. The plane lifted swiftly and soared for the blue sky above. We were off!

Since everyone else seemed to become calm after such a smooth start, I settled down to enjoy myself. Magazines were available, but I was much more interested in surveying the interior of the plane.

Thick blue carpet lay on the floor; a row of blue leather double seats lined one side, while a row of single seats lined the other; and tiny blue curtains hung at each window. The color scheme of blue and silver was very attractive and appropriate, too.

I pushed a gadget on the wall, and immediately the curtains on my window closed and a small light above them flashed on. Another gadget controlled a small air-conditioning system on the floor near my feet.

Suddenly it occurred to me that I had not been aware that we were flying, for the plane motors could not be heard. I peered out of the window. The ground looked so far away! Cars on the highways seemed like tiny ants and the towns resembled confetti, strewn here and there over a large patchwork quilt of fields and woods. And when the plane approached mountainous country, the scenery became even more wonderfully unusual.

The mountains reminded me that my journey was rapidly coming to an end. Soon I should be on the ground, where my friends would greet me. It seemed as though I had just set out. In fact, time had passed so quickly that I didn't have a minute to be scared. The trip was completely enjoyable, and I would have much to tell my family at home. While I was thus blissfully musing, the stewardess called, "Rutland, next stop!"

SHIRLEY JENSEN, '52



Jose declares to this day it was the

## Hand of God

José set the broom next to the burro's stall, brushed his jacket off, and ran across the large patio to the old wooden door. Quietly he opened the door and walked over to the padre. The padre was busy working on a book, but finally he raised his aged eyes and bid the young boy a pleasant good morning, José, tense and excited, came to the point of his early morning visit.

"Padre, I've worked hard for you—taking care of the animals and carrying water—and I thought that maybe—maybe you would let me ring the bells this Christmas Eve. You said you would let me ring them when I grew up."

The padre put his wrinkled hand to his chin and thought a minute.

Then he replied, "My boy, I can see no reason why you can't ring the bells this year. You have watched me ring them ever since you were a little fellow, and I'm sure you can ring them just as well as I."

"Oh, thank you, Padre, thank you," José said. "I can hardly wait until tomorrow night—Christmas Eve!"

All the next day José told his friends that he was going to have the great honor of ringing the bells on Christmas Eve. He was so happy that he gave his burro some extra feed and brushed his coat until it shone.

Finally it was time for José to go to the bell tower. He climbed the adobe stairs, and when he reached the top, he could look over all the town and surrounding



CAROL BOURNE, '51

countryside. Suddenly he saw his burro caught in the bramble bushes near the road leading to the town and the mission. José wondered for a minute how the burro could have gotten out of the stable, but he put it out of his mind and reached for the rope.

At that moment, the burro brayed so piteously that José decided that it wouldn't matter too much if the bells were rung a few minutes late. He raced down the steps, across the patio, and up the road. He was freeing the burro from the brambles when suddenly there was a terrible rumble and a crash. The earth shook, and José was thrown to the ground. He lay there trembling, too frightened to move.

After all seemed still and quiet again, he rose, put his arm around his burro, and turned toward the mission. He stared in stark amazement. The bell tower had crashed to the ground!

CAROL BOURNE, '51





Come with us on



THELMA KALEN, '51

## *A Trip to the Shop*

What do our vocational students do? Give a successful dance, play on our varsity teams, do repair jobs around school—oh, yes, they do all that. But how many students have ever visited Abington's fine modern shops? Why not join us on a conducted tour?

There are five shops in the vocational department: the auto shop, electrical shop, machine shop, print shop, and wood shop.

Under Mr. Rapp's guidance the boys in the wood shop prepare for some of the more skilled jobs in the carpenter trade. The shop is excellently equipped with lathes, planers, sanders, and saws of all types. Most of these machines have a suction system which draws off dust and chips produced by the work.

The boys work on projects determined by their own ability and choice. A few of their products are cedar and mahogany chests, television tables, all kinds of furniture, and kitchen cabinets. In addition, the boys do for the school all woodwork that falls within their capabilities. One of their more recent projects is the school's "dog-house," or refreshment sales booth, which was first built in the shop by a prefabrication system.

Although fifty per cent of the boys in Mr. McClean's auto shop own their own cars, the boys will work on anyone's car if the job is within their range. The boys are constantly improving their own cars. The

sophomores learn automobile theory and work on smaller jobs in the shop, while the juniors and seniors do more advanced work. In the shop, there are several practice engines and a practice car, on which the boys gain practical experience. All students learn theory in regular instruction classes and are being thoroughly prepared for employment in the auto-mechanic trade.

More theory is taught in the electrical shop than in any other shop course. Under Mr. Cole's tutelage the sophomores learn splices and simple wiring, then progress into housewiring and radio trouble shooting. The more advanced students repair radios and electrical appliances. One of the important functions of the electric shop is the maintenance of the school's P. A. system. The boys will willingly do work for the faculty or any member of the student body. The course is being planned, more and more, to train the boys in the rapidly growing electronic field.

In the machine shop the boys learn the fundamentals of the basic machinery of lathe, milling machines, shapers, drill presses, grinders, hack saws, and benches. The course gives a great deal of practical experience as the boys work 85% of their time and have theory 15%. Almost every member of the machine shop has a part-time job in the machine trade. These boys, too, have projects which furnish more practical experience and help them pre-



pare for their vocation. Under Mr. Clark's training the boys turn out precision work. They have obtained from Mr. Clark sufficient knowledge to do all the metal work for the school.

The main idea of Mr. Wortman's print shop is to teach thoroughly the theory and production of the printing trade. The sophomores learn the basic fundamentals of set type, case, pulling of proof, imposition, paper study, cutting, press parts, and operation. The average student must have ten weeks' basic study before he can do any practical work on the press.

In the junior and senior years they do more intricate work and learn by produc-

tion for placement in the printing field. The work that they turn out for the school includes PTA programs, census cards, report cards, deposit receipts, registration cards, and tickets for sports events and dances, besides many others. The shop does no outside work but serves the whole township school system.

The shop boys make up a very important part of our school system, although too few students realize this. Let's get to know our shops better.

BYRON SMITH,

RICHARD SPERRY,

RALPH PILLISCHER, '51

## On the Wings of the Wind

I took a trip to England this summer, that glorious England of the late eighteenth century. I saw beautiful ladies riding in their carriages through the streets of London. I saw fine gentlemen strolling through the town on that sunny day.

I saw the country towns and villages, the large estates, the crumbly castles, fortresses of an almost forgotten age. And then, in a little village in Hertfordshire, I stopped. I stayed for a while and saw many new things. I watched while life, a life I had never seen before, was unfolded before my very eyes. And as I watched, I suddenly became a part of its happiness and heartaches.

I met Elizabeth Bennett, charming and spirited. I met the proud, haughty Darcy and watched him change from that vain, conceited creature that he was to a thoughtful and very human lover. I was intro-

duced to that pompous member of the clergy, Mr. Collins. I laughed as he made a fool of himself, but was sickened by his conceit. I traveled through that same wonderful England with Elizabeth and her aunt and uncle, visited Pemberly, the most talked about estate in Derbyshire, and reveled in its natural beauty. I was happy when my friends were happy, sad when they were sad.

I traveled on the wings of the wind. I looked down on life from my magic carpet high above, and I was delighted with what I saw. For this was the life I loved, the life I had been made to love when I drifted away into the lives of these people, people whom I shall never forget, real people whom I met in a priceless volume called *Pride and Prejudice*.

JUDY MOHLER, '52



Two lively boys never dreamed  
that it would be their

## *Last Climb*

Richard Henry Steele paused, panting, on a two-foot wide rock ledge, high up on the side of Mount Hilton. He glanced up at his companion, Robert Andrews, who was poised on a narrow ledge ten feet above him.

"What d'ya say we take five, Rob? I'm a bit fagged."

"I have no objection, Dick," acquiesced Rob, smiling. "Fact is I was about to suggest a break, myself."

Dick, grunting and struggling, heaved himself up over the rim of the ledge and sat down next to his friend with a sigh of satisfaction.

Both boys were eighteen and just out of prep school, but presented a striking study in contrast as they sat side by side on that wind-swept mountain. Dick, the shorter, heavier of the two, was a good-looking, gregarious redhead, who had the enviable habit of making friends with everybody he met. Rob, on the other hand, was a tall, taciturn boy, whose sharp eyes hinted of the active mind behind them.

Yet Rob and Dick had been inseparable buddies since their first days at prep school. They were two of the outstanding members of their class: Rob, president of the Student Government and Dick, one of the best athletes ever developed by the school. A year ago, they had spent the summer in the Canadian Rockies, hiking, mountain climbing, and generally having the time of their lives. Now, school over again, they had hastened back once more to their scenic wonderland.

All summer they had planned this climb. It would be the perfect ending to their vacation. The fact that it had never been



GEORGE PORTER, '53



done before served only to stimulate their eager spirits. For the better part of a month they had been working at the ski lodge halfway up the mountain, planning and preparing for this climb.

In their free hours they had made photographs and maps of the mountain, mapping the best possible route, and assembling equipment. They had listened to a lot of advice, too, most of it from the two hardened ski instructors at the lodge, Cap and Will Caldwell. Their advice was usually worth listening to; however, they insisted that Dick and Rob were foolhardy and crazy to think of reaching the summit of Hilton.

Yet, here they were, above the 10,000 foot level, with only 1800 feet to go. But that last 1800 feet was as steep and slippery as any facade they had ever encountered. It was deemed by Cap and Will, two experienced Alpinists, to be impossible to scale.

"Well, Rob," said Dick, getting to his feet, "let's go."

The two boys tied themselves on to their rope and started to pick their way up the face. It was slow, careful going; one slip meant sure death for both of them. Fortunately, there were numerous cracks and crevices for hand and foot holds as the boys inched up the mountain.

Three hours later, only a few hundred

feet from the top, Dick, in the lead, spied an eagle's nest. He knew that would mean trouble if disturbed, so he went wide of it. Once above it, he paused on a ledge for breath, but that ledge was not solid and started to give way. Dick leaped desperately for safety as the ledge crumbled and tumbled down the mountain. Unfortunately, the ledge, as it fell, dislodged the eagle's nest, and Dick watched with horror as a winged fury came up to him. He screamed and tried to protect his face, but the eagle sank his sharp talons deep into the back of his neck. Dick lost his balance and toppled over backwards.

Back at the lodge, Cap and Will sat around the fire, talking.

"D'ya think the boys have a chance?" asked Cap.

"You know as well as I they won't come back."

"Yes," said Cap, with a far-away look in his eyes, "but I hate to have it happen to those two. They were two typical American kids who grew up too fast. They were cocky and confident and thought they could conquer the world." He sighed and shook his head.

"Well, get your things on, Cap. We've got to go and bring them back."

He did not like to think what they would find.

RODMAN WOOD, '51

## Maybe You Didn't Know

Greeting cards were first published in England in 1844 by Mr. J. Cundall.

The idea to issue a stamp for letters at Christmas, the proceeds to be used for some worthy cause, was thought of by a postal clerk at Copenhagen, Denmark. At present the proceeds are used in the fight against tuberculosis.

Gifts are symbols of Christmas because

the Wise Men took gifts to the Holy Child. People today give them to those they love.

In America a fat, jolly, red-robed figure represents the spirit of giving at Christmas time. This figure is known as Santa Claus to every American. Other countries do not have Santa Claus, but they have someone similar.

Compiled by CAROL SCHWOERER, '53



All-American points the way from

# Quaker to Eagle

Seated in a large easy chair, Chuck Bednarik motioned us to seats in his spacious living-room in Overlook Hills. The big, good-natured football star, dressed in lounging clothes, was watching movies of last year's Penn-Army game on television.

In reply to our first question, "My greatest college thrill," said Chuck Bednarik, the husky Eagle center, "took place when I scored a touchdown against the Columbia Lions in the Penn-Columbia game of 1948. The touchdown resulted from a blocked kick, after which I picked up the pigskin and ambled across the double stripe. Afterwards I threw the ball into the stands because I was happy, but the referee gave the team a fifteen-yard penalty, and I had to kick off from the 25-yard line.

"Because I played defensive center, I intercepted quite a few passes but had never before scored a touchdown. In the beginning of the season, I told my teammates if I scored I would throw the ball in the stands and so I did. After the game, I explained my actions to the referee and he understood perfectly."

When asked about the difference between professional football and college football, the likable Bethlehem footballer, who sells insurance in his spare time, replied, "The big difference is the line. Every week you are playing against All-Americans on the other teams; hence you must be on your toes all the time. In college you play a tough team one week and an easy team the



ELLI RICKERT, '51

next week, but in pro ball you have to be ready for a tough game each week. In my opinion, the best college team couldn't hold a candle to the worst professional team. The change from college football to professional football is the same as the change from high school football to college football."

This all-American center from Bethlehem, who now resides in Overlook Hills, takes his vacations at the seashore with his wife and small son.

When asked about the controversial two-platoon system, he replied, "As far as the players go, it is not a good thing because a player doesn't have a chance to be a standout if he plays only part of a game. It is getting to the point where they will have to pick two All-American teams—an offensive and a defensive one. From the coaches' viewpoint, it is a good system because it develops better teams. A player who is terrific on offense but not very good on defense can be developed into a great player if just played on one team. Another point the coaches like is that a lot more players can make the team, and the constant shifting keeps the two teams sharp and fresh. The two-platoon system is used in professional ball for the same reason it is used in colleges."

ROBERT GOLD,  
WALLACE CARROLL, '51



Not many fellows would do

## Anything for Cathy



Jerry sat in Spanish class, his mind a million miles away, his eyes focused unseeingly on the cold winter sky. Then a sweet feminine voice broke into his dreams, and he turned to the owner of the voice, who was translating Spanish as if it were her native tongue. Soft brown hair, not too long, not too short, a small nose dotted with a few freckles, and bright green eyes were all leaning towards a book grasped by long, slender fingers. The shrill sound of the bell stirred the class from its languid mood and closed the Spanish books.

As Jerry sauntered out of class, his eyes still dancing, he bumped into someone, and looking down, he saw a pair of smiling green eyes over a small nose.

"Oh, 'scuse me, Cathy, guess I wasn't looking."

"Certainly, Jerry. Oh, Jerry, I wanted to talk to you for a sec. I—well, the Junior Miss Club is having its annual dance, and I was wondering if you would like to go—with me, I mean."



NAN DIVALERIO, '51

"Well, sure, Cathy, sure. I'd love to go."

"That's swell. Well, 'bye now. Better hurry or you'll be late for class."

Jerry closed his mouth and turned over the last few minutes in his mind. "My gosh, Cathy asking me to a dance!" he thought. "I've been trying to get up enough courage to ask her out all year. Boy, what a break! Oh, my, gosh! a dance means a corsage." Jerry's smile froze as he frantically searched for a way to earn some money. His family had a small store, where he worked on weekends and after basketball practice, but he wouldn't take any pay for it. He really should be out earning money instead of going to school, for his mother had the whole family to support since his dad died. His allowance was only \$2.50 a week for carfare and lunch. How would he ever get money in time? He would just have to tell Cathy he couldn't go, but then she'd probably never go out with him because he just couldn't tell her why he wanted to break the date. "And, gosh, I don't want to break the date," Jerry thought, exasperated. "There's only one thing to do. I'll walk to school and skip lunches for a week," Jerry planned. "I have a few bucks saved, and if I'm still short, I can borrow a dollar from Mom."

The next week Jerry struggled out of bed an extra hour earlier, walked to school, and satisfied himself with a couple of apples for lunch. Three days before the dance, he had accumulated, one way or another, six dollars, lost eight pounds and about fifteen hours of sleep.

Jerry waited for Cathy after Spanish



class, as by now was the custom, and, smiling casually, asked, "Cathy, have you decided what kind of flowers you'd like for the dance Friday?"

"Flowers," puzzled Cathy as she looked up bewildered, "for the dance? Oh, golly,

Jerry, I'm sorry. I guess I forgot to tell you. This year we're trying something new. We're having a barn dance."

"Oh, well, Cathy, it really doesn't matter," was Jerry's offhand reply.

NAN DI VALERIO, '51



## Now I Play the Cymbals



That clash you hear when the band pauses is none other than yours truly. Last year's expert (?) tuba player has furthered her musical experience by taking up the cymbals.

The main job of a cymbal player is polishing the cymbals before game time. The band room is furnished with about 20 different polishing compounds, from soap to oil. I am sure I have used all of them at one time or another, plus 72 assorted rags from home, some of which I found out later were not rags at all but Dad's work shirts.

A secondary requirement of the aspiring cymbal player is a full understanding of sign language. When I started playing cymbals, I learned that there are such things as cymbal solos in some marches. I also learned that when Pop (Mr. Smith) points at you, you are to clash the cymbals.

Picture this in your mind: it is nearing the end of the introduction; the band builds up in volume, and then pauses; the director points emphatically to the cymbal player. SILENCE!! Pop's following speech may be represented by a number of "\$%c"

Playing the cymbals is not so simple as you think. If the position of the cymbals

is not correct, or if they are hit too hard, the result will be one inside-out cymbal. Next time you see me squatted on the ground, both feet on the cymbal, and pulling on the handle with all my might, you'll know better than to laugh. For goodness sake, HELP ME!!!!

DORIS SMITH, '52

## My Tree Danced

*I watched my maple tree last night as she  
dressed for the dance of autumn.  
She lit the harvest moon for a candle,  
Using its cool silver glow to see by,  
And swayed to the haunting rhythm of  
the midnight breeze.*

*A gown of crisp red my maple donned;  
She plucked sapphire stars from her sky  
jewel box, placing them among her  
branches,  
And danced to the songs of a ballroom  
wind.*

*I did not know my tree could dance, but  
I saw her last night.*

PAULETTE HENDERSON, '51



## EDITORIALY

### SPEAKING

## *Santa Claus*

You hear a little boy speak of Santa, a person asking another, "What's Santa going to bring you?" You laugh. Why? You might say it's because you know there really isn't a Santa Claus.

However, I believe you have been very much misled. There **is** a Santa Claus. I agree he isn't really a person who rides in a sleigh and comes down chimneys, but he is very much here in spirit. What would Christmas be without Santa? "Not much," I say.

Santa Claus, St. Nick, Kris Kringle names by which he is known throughout the world, is very much a part of Christmas. He is the spirit of giving. He is the joy in your heart, not when you receive gifts but when you see the glowing faces of persons who have received. There is not one parent who would want this legend discontinued. The look of happiness in their children's eyes is something they look forward to and wouldn't miss for anything.

Christmas **with** Santa Claus is a time of celebration, a time of the year when older folks can let their hair down and have fun. Christmas **without** Santa Claus would be nothing more than a formal observance—lacking the fervent celebration and good will that characterize it. For this reason I sing, with gullible children and frantic parents, "Santa Claus is coming to town".



NAN DIVALERIO, '51

## *We Thank Thee*

Thank you, God, for nations  
That have not left our side;  
Thank you, God, for neighbors  
In whom we can confide.  
Thank you, God, for England,  
A fortress 'cross the sea;  
Thank you, God, for neighbors—  
Neighbors strong and free.  
Strengthened by their faith  
In an everlasting light,  
Strengthened by their faith  
In freedom's holy light.  
Strengthened by their heritage  
And rights that keep them free,  
Strengthened yet again by a blessed unity.  
Now, United Nations, together we will go,  
Marching on to conquer a crazed and  
driven foe.  
And standing out on high,  
Our motto shining bright—  
For God - - - and for country,  
For freedom - - - and for right.

RALPH PILLISCHER, '51



First prize for humorous feature goes to

## On Being A Turkey



ELLI RICKERT, '51

Have you ever wondered how a turkey feels about two days before Christmas? Well, I speak from experience. You see, I am—I mean I was—a turkey. How can I tell you about this feeling now? Well, you know the head that is cut off? That head still has quite a few brains left, and that is how I tell you this story—from my head, not my heart.

I was a beautiful bird, a cock with a pompous strut and gray-black feathers that were very good looking, if I do say so myself. It's a shame you humans have to trim those feathers before you—excuse the expression—eat us. The other gobblers

called me a lucky bird because so many of their friends had given their lives for the S. S. H. E. Cause (Slaughtered So Humans Eat Cause), and I was the oldest and biggest turkey in the group. I thought I was fairly lucky, too, until I started getting a little too much attention.

This treatment was unusual because the other turkeys, even the ones that went for the Cause, were not treated as special. Everyday I would receive better feed than the other gobblers, and I began losing my turkey figure. When I tried to diet, the feed was stuffed in my mouth. Then I knew something was wrong. That was December 22.

The next day naturally was the twenty-third and a normal day around the farm, until I was told by my colleagues that Christmas was near and some of us were going for the cause. Right away I started cheering up the other turkeys, but I soon found that I needed cheering up, for I had a white tag around my neck with a number on it, which meant that I was going for the Cause. It also had a star. I found out what the star meant later.

Soon after, I was hustled out of our old barn and into the shed and then . . . Well, you know what happened.

I suppose it was sad, but a few days later, my head heard the farmer boast that a Mrs. Truman and Harry said that they had just eaten the best turkey dinner in their lives.

SALLY LOU GLEASON, '51



Here's our second prize winner

## How to Waterski

First of all, you have to have waterskis, a boat (preferably a motor boat), and a lot of intestinal fortitude. Waterskis are two things that don't do much of anything except waterskiing. A motor boat is something that has two sides, a front and back end, a top, a bottom, and a motor that has a lot of horses running around inside. Horsepower is the work needed to lift one square horse five thousand forty-six feet in one cubic second, but this is neither here nor there—or anywhere for that matter. Intestinal fortitude is something acquired after no less than fifteen bones have been broken by falling off the skis.

The next step in learning to break your neck—I mean waterski—is to put the waterskis on your feet and jump off the boat into the water. While you're struggling to keep from drowning, some character in the boat is trying to see how many knots he can get in the rope that he is supposed to be throwing to you. After you get the rope, the person driving the boat starts so fast that you fall flat on your face. By this time you are so tired that it takes a derrick to pull you back into the boat.



THELMA KALEN, '51

You see, it's really fun to waterski. All you have to do is close your eyes and hang onto the rope. You'll be dead before you know it.

This reminds me of a poetic gem that I composed all by my little lonesome:

Skiing, skiing,  
Over the choppy bay.  
Many a boy will break his neck  
'Fore we get home today.

Oh, such a beautiful thought! I would have written another verse, but my common sense told me that one was enough.

All that has been said above can be summarized in one short statement: Don't try waterskiing; it's murder.

RONALD LEVIS, '53

## October, November, December

*October means Hallowe'en, parties galore,  
Witches and goblins and ghosts by the  
score;*

*November and football, the Latin Soiree,  
Turkey with stuffing on Thanksgiving  
Day.*

*These months to me seem the best of the  
year;*

*Then Christmas arrives; vacation is here.  
The joyous Noel, the gifts, and the tree—  
December is best; just take it from me.*

JOAN IVINS, '51







First prize for humorous verse—

## My Old Jalopy

*The radiator leaks  
The brake squeaks  
The tires are bare  
No fenders there  
The engine's hissin'  
The lights are missin'  
Bad shocks  
The motor knocks  
The block is broke  
It has no choke  
The seats are worn  
The upholstery torn  
I don't care—  
It gets me there.*

GEORGE DEANS, '52

Honorable Mention

## A Cause of Marriage

*Her nose was always powdered;  
Her hem was always straight.  
He thought she was quite tempting,  
But he knew he did not rate.  
One day he got some courage;  
He asked her for a date.  
Can you guess what he did that night?  
He kissed her at the gate.  
They now are happily married.  
What reason could we state?  
A powdered nose, a hem that hung,  
A kiss at the garden gate.*

ANITA BLESSING, '53

Second prize winner—

## The Human Race

*The alarm clock clanged so loudly  
That I fell right out of bed.  
Instead of landing on my feet,  
I landed on my head.  
My brain was, oh, so, sluggish,  
That I really couldn't think,  
So I crawled into the hay again  
To catch an extra wink.  
"Half hour 'til the school bell rings,"  
I heard my mother call;  
I jumped up like a fireman  
And landed in the hall.  
I dressed in such a hurry  
And gobbled all my food.  
I didn't want to go to school;  
I wasn't in the mood.  
By now it was 8:30,  
And I hurried to my car.  
I thought I'd get there promptly,  
'Cuz it really wasn't far.  
At Powell's the engine spluttered,  
And then it just stopped dead.  
My wrist watch said 8:40,  
And I was seeing red.  
The old Ford tried its darndest,  
And 'til now had perked quite nifty.  
It might have made it in '35,  
But this was 1950.  
I left it there and dashed to school  
And tried to collect my wits.  
Then the teacher announced—"There's  
no school today;  
The heater's on the fritz!"*

BYRON SMITH, '51



THELMA KALEN, '51



## Bells, Balls and Bills

The three great B's—not of music but of Christmas time—Bells, Balls, and Bills. First of all let's discuss Bells. Bells are the preview of Christmas. Walking down the street and wondering what to buy for Aunt Jane (she has everything), you suddenly hear the deep, mellow church bells mixed with the tinkling bells of the street corner Santa Clauses, and you get that "I wish it was already here" feeling.

The sound of the Bells prompts you to drag down from the attic the second B—Balls. Dust them off carefully 'cause Dad says if none break, you won't have to get new ones till next year. Did you ever trim the Christmas tree to perfection on Christmas Eve, when in walked Cousin Cora, age two, with "oh, wook at the pwetty twee," and in one fell swoop the night's work is lying on the floor amid shattered balls? You'll have to get new ones after all. Don't forget another, more popular kind of Christmas Ball. This is what all the Christmas Belles get new gowns for.

This brings us to the Bills. Bills come in many sizes, shapes, and forms. Personally, I prefer the two-legged kind, but around Christmas there always seems to be an excess of another type. These are the slips of paper that come in the peephole envelope. Father usually turns an odd shade of purple after reading one, but at Christmas time he really looks green.

So get ready for the three B's of Christmas time; they're almost here.

JOAN PEARCE, '51

\* \* \* \* \*

One of our most significant Christmas symbols of modern times is the poinsettia, brought to the United States from Mexico. Because the shape of the red flower is like a many-pointed star, it is sometimes called the Christmas flower.

Illustration . . . THELMA KALEN, 51



## Drums in the Night

*When I come home late and I'm feeling  
blue,*

*I know there is only one thing to do.*

*I go up to the attic where the tympani  
sits;*

*Then I feel the earth tremble when my  
first blow hits.*

*My neighbors awake with thoughts all in  
fear.*

*What is this noise that has come to their  
ear?*

*Are the Russians attacking with planes in  
flight?*

*Of course not, silly, it's my drums in the  
night.*

*The cow bells clang, the tom-toms roar,  
The cymbals now are both on the floor.*

*But here my fun is about done for the day,  
For I hear that "John Law" is now on  
his way.*

*Yes, here he comes with his new siren  
blowing;*

*From each cottage window my neighbors  
are showing.*

*With this fact, I'm sure, they'll agree that  
I'm right:*

*The cops make more noise than my drums  
in the night.*

DALE HARTSHORNE, '53





## Holidays — — Oh, Woof!

"Holidays"—if I hear that word again, I'll bark out loud. My diary tells the whole story:

December 22: Dear Diary, Something is about to happen—plenty of paper and ribbons around here (real pretty). I decided I'd help, but when I tore some paper into the convenient bite-size pieces and chewed the ribbon—well, I'm now in the doghouse.

December 23: Dear Diary, Something is happening! They've just set up a big long board with things called trains on it. Nobody will let me near them. I'd love to play with them, even if they do roar. Right now they're bringing a tree in here. These humans!

December 24: Dear Diary, Doesn't *anyone* trust me? Four "Must Nots" were issued to me today:

Must Not 1—I must not go closer than two feet four inches near the train.

Must Not 2—I must not bark while anyone is singing a Christmas carol.

Must Not 3—I must not upset the tree.

Must Not 4—I must not chew the ribbons on the pretty packages.

(Bow-wow, dear me!)

December 25: Dear Diary, This morning everyone was real gay. Everyone, even me, got some of the pretty packages. One of mine, the big one, was a bed complete with the latest Doggie Rest cushion. The other, to my delight, was a mouse that squeaked when I pounced on it. I was even allowed to tear up some of the pretty paper. Then I was put in the cellar because the guests didn't care for canine creatures. (What's that have to do with me? I'm only a dog.)

December 26: Dear Diary, Oh, woof! Must Not 5 has been issued. It seems I'm supposed to sleep in my new bed, not on

the furniture. They say my hair might look nice on me but not on other people's clothes. I think my hair looks nice anywhere.

December 27: Dear Diary, I'm getting train nerves. Why don't they have a roar-free set? If only I could investigate them, they wouldn't be so annoying.

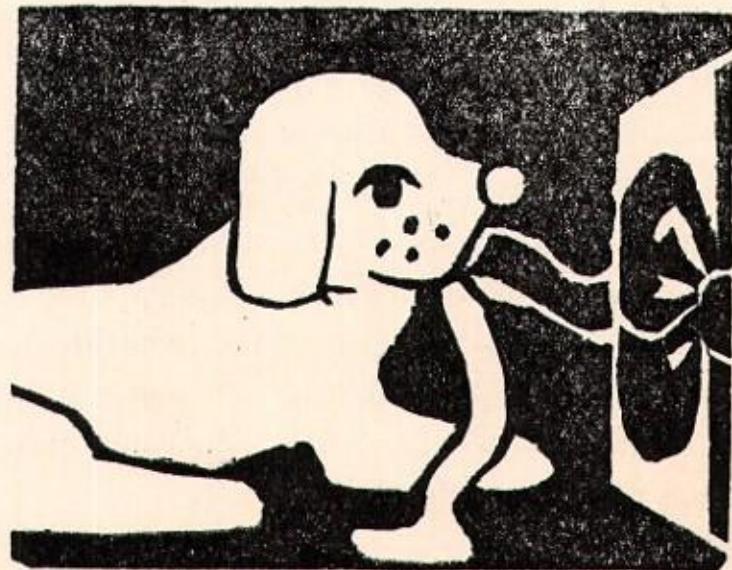
December 28: Dear Diary, Today quite by accident, I disobeyed Must Not 3. You see, I couldn't find my red ball, but then I saw it had been shined and hung on the tree. How was I supposed to know that, if I jumped for it, the tree would upset?

December 29: Dear Diary, Must Not 2 has been amended—I must not squeak my mouse either. What in the world of woofs will come next?

December 30: Dear Diary, Everything is slowly but surely disappearing—everything but my bed. It's nice, but I still prefer furniture. Maybe a bottle of hair-stay will solve my problem.

December 31: Dear Diary: They say I make too much noise! Tonight they're making more noise than I've made all year. They're never satisfied—now they want a new year! These holidays—oh, woof!

DOROTHY HOEPPNER, '52



MARJORIE GRIFFITH, '52



Christa Haesner of Lily—Braun Schule, German affiliate, describes

## Christmas in Germany

When gray mists float over the earth and in the morning everything is sugar-coated from the hoarfrost, the thoughts of the most beautiful holiday in our German fatherland go towards Christmas. With the first of Advent the magic spell of Christmas encircles us already and draws old and young into its charm. The outer indication of before-Christmas—time is the Advent wreath, twisted out of fir greens and decorated with lights, which will be hung up or laid upon the table.

Everywhere will be whispers, and everyone has secrets so that long-desired wishes will be able to be fulfilled.

The nearer Christmas comes, the more there is to do, for everything should shine and twinkle. The joyous people crowd the streets, buy Christmas presents, or admire the decorated and lighted show-windows.

Slowly Christmas Eve approaches. The bells call to divine worship, and a holy stillness spreads itself over the earth. Many wander to church through the twilight to

celebrate the birth of Christ. From the pulpit sounds the Christmas message which our Savior proclaimed, and then the people go quietly home. But the children are full of happy anticipation of what Santa will bring them, and their eyes search the heavens to see if the Christ child might be visible.

At home the parents disappear into the Christmas room, from where the clear ringing of a little bell that penetrates to the waiting boys and girls is at last heard, and timidly a door opens. There a radiant Christmas tree gleams with its candles, balls, and tinsel. After the children have recited poems, presents are received with loud rejoicing. Then there is playing and singing, and apples, nuts and ginger cakes are nibbled. Outside, the snow falls lightly, and the pine trees in their holiday garments bend their heads. In the sky the stars twinkle and proclaim peace on earth on the Holy Night.

Translated by MIGNON LINCK, '52

### *Noel, Noel*

*Softly the chimes will ring  
From the church spire bell;  
Sweetly the voices will sing  
Noel, Noel.*

*Soon the snow will fall,  
And the stars will tell  
Joy now has come for all—  
Noel, Noel.*



*Let the trumpets blare forth,  
And hear the music swell;  
Let there be peals of joy—  
Noel, Noel.*

BETH EMMETT, '51





## *The Night Before Christmas*

ELLI RICKERT, '51

Once more there is coming that season of cheer  
Which we've been awaiting since this time last year;  
And now is the time to get ready, I see,  
To drag forth the trimmings and set up a tree.  
Out come the candles and up goes a wreath,  
Which soon may descend on the dog underneath.  
And now comes the cry, to "Look out below!"  
For over the door hangs the mistletoe.  
And then I start in on trimming the tree,  
Taking on risk that none can foresee;  
For Oh, as the first string of lights is plugged in,  
My troubles are only about to begin.  
As I see a bright flash, I am struck with the fact  
That one of the light bulbs is beautifully cracked.  
I try the next string 'mid Fido's loud barks  
And immediately reel from a shower of sparks.  
Then, after replacing the fuse that had blown,  
I return to the tree, still holding my own.  
And now, when at last I have won over light,  
I feel that I'm fit to continue the fight.  
I go get the box with the tinsel and balls,  
And somehow get back without any falls.  
But then, at the door, I must grit my teeth;  
For there are the dog and remains of the wreath.  
I put up the trimmings with guiltless intent,  
But some are demolished in rapid descent;  
And so, here I am at a quarter past ten,  
Wondering if I'll have to do it again.  
Before me, there, in its innocent way,  
Is standing the tree in its brilliant array;  
And now I'll be going to bed, I guess  
And wait till tomorrow to clean up the mess.

ROBERT COLLADAY, '53









